



COVER SHOULD BE TRIMMED TO
THE TOP OF THE LOGO.

h Key

My BOOKHOUSE THE LATCH KEY



IDEALLY, THIS BOTTOM SHOULD
BE TRIMMED TO BOTTOM OF
SPINE LOGO

eaupré Miller

My BOOKHOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

WHEN WE MAKE BOOKS WE GENERALLY
DO NOT BIND IN THE ~~THE~~ COVER
IMAGES INTO THE BOOK



M Y B O O K H O U S E

in spite of her misgivings she answered the publishers simply, "I'll try." When she began to think about what she should write, she remembered all the good times she used to have with her sisters in the big, bare house in Concord, out in the old barn, and over the hills. So she wrote the story of *Little Women* and put in all those things. Besides the jolly times and the plays they had, she put in the sad, hard times too, the work and the worry and the going without things. It was a simple story of simple girls, of their daily struggles, their joys and sorrows, but through it all shone the spirit of that beautiful family affection that the Alcotts knew so well, an affection so strong and enduring that neither poverty, sorrow, nor death could ever mar it. And the little book was so sweet and funny, so sad and real, like human life, that everybody bought it and much money came from it.

There were Mr. and Mrs. March in the book, true as life to Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, and there were all the four sisters too. Meg, the capable house-wifely one, was Anna; Jo (the old pet name for Louisa) was Louisa, herself, the turbulent, boyish one, who was always "going into a vortex" and writing stories; Beth was the sweet, sunny little home-body, Lizzie or Beth; Amy was May, the pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed one, with the artistic tastes, whose pug nose was such a sore trial to her beauty-loving soul that she went about with a clothespin on it to train it into proper lines. There was a real John Brooke, too. He was a portrait of that gentle, kindly, lovable John Pratt, who really married Anna. And Laurie was a mixture of a handsome, polished, Polish boy whom Louisa had once met in Europe, and a certain New England lad who was her friend in girlhood. So, many of the good times in *Little Women* are true, and many of the sad times too,—the marriage of Meg and John Brooke, and the death of dear little Beth.

Louisa was hardly prepared for the immense success of this book. It made her almost rich, and besides that, she suddenly found herself so worshiped and idolized by young people and old

BOOK PAGES SHOULD IDEALLY BLEED
TO THE TOP, BOTTOM, AND SIDE

T H E

alike, that crowds began to come to her house to get just a glimpse of her—popping up in her way to bow reverently as she went for a walk or a drive, deluging her with flowers, and writing her sentimental verses. All this attention drove Louisa nearly distracted, so she had to run away from it for a year's rest in Europe. But ever after that the children considered Louisa their especial property and she devoted herself henceforth to writing for them entirely. She loved them very dearly, too, boys and girls alike, and no American author has ever held a warmer place than she in the hearts of American young people.

And so, after so many years of the hardest, most devoted and unselfish labor, Louisa's dream came true. She was able to give her dear family all that they needed and wanted. She bought a comfortable home for them in Concord, she sent May to study art in Europe, she gave her father books, but best of all,

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WE HAVE BETTER COLOR

LIGHTING NOW THAT SHOULD
IMPROVE THE COLOR

Important Works: *Little Women* *Little Men* *Jo's Boys* *An Old-fashioned Girl*
Jack and Jill *Eight Cousins* *Rose In Bloom* *Silver Pitchers*

ALDEN, RAYMOND MacDONALD (American, 1873-)

Raymond MacDonald Alden was born at Hartford, New York, and educated at Rollins College, Florida, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard. He has edited several plays by Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, and has taught as instructor and professor at Harvard, Leland Stanford, Jr. and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Illinois. He was director of the Drama League of America from its founding until 1914.

Important Works: *Why The Chimes Rang*

M Y B O O K H O U S E

as the appropriate music accompanying the entrance of each nation, produced an effect at once brilliant and bewildering. The entire press said that never before since the days of the Caesars had there been so grand and interesting a public spectacle.

Most of Mr. Barnum's competitors in the circus field in those early days were men of very inferior aims and abilities, content with poor and inferior, even vulgar shows, aiming only to make money, and inspired with little of that desire to give in the biggest sense the best and finest entertainment possible, which made Mr. Barnum so different from the others. But in 1880 he found a rival worthy of his mettle in the person of Mr. James A. Bailey. The very moment that Mr. Barnum perceived Mr. Bailey to be a man with the same big aims and ambitions as himself, as well as the same solid business sense, far from feeling any jealousy and trying to drive him out of the field, he entered at once into negotiations with him and took him into partnership. This partnership with Bailey lasted throughout the remainder of Barnum's life. They opened their combined show with a street parade by night in New York, all beautifully illumined by calcium lights.

This huge circus now when it traveled had its own cars. No longer were the trains hired as of old from the railways. Advance agents and advertising cars, gorgeous with paint and gilding, containing paste vats, posters and a force of men, would pass through the country weeks ahead of the circus, pasting up the billboards and arousing the interest of the community. The circus itself was packed up in the smallest possible space, its men trained with military promptitude and precision to work like clockwork and make every move count in erecting or taking down the huge canvas city. The performers slept in their cars and ate in the canvas dining tent. Hundreds of men were employed and the expenses of the concern were four or five thousand dollars a day.

One of the most interesting feats of Barnum's later years was the purchase of Jumbo, the largest elephant ever seen. Jumbo

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of-war. As the agents tried to remove Jumbo, Alice, another elephant who had been for sixteen years Jumbo's companion and was called in fun his "wife", grew so excited that her groans and trumpetings frightened all the other beasts in the Zoo who set up such howlings and roarings as were heard a mile away. Midst such a grievous farewell, Jumbo was led forth into the street. But when the great beast found himself in such unfamiliar surroundings there awoke in his breast that timidity which is so marked a feature of the elephant's character. He trumpeted with alarm and turned to reenter the garden only to find the gates of his paradise closed. Thereupon he straightway lay down on the pavement and would not budge an inch. His cries of fright sounded to the uninitiated like cries of grief and attracted a huge crowd of sympathizers, many of them in tears. Persuasion had no effect in inducing Jumbo to rise and force was not permitted, for Mr. Barnum always insisted strictly that his animals be governed by kindness, not by cruelty. And indeed it would have been a puzzle what force to apply to so huge a creature as Jumbo. In dismay Mr. Barnum's agent sent him the following cable; "Jumbo has lain down in the street and won't get up. What





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Episod

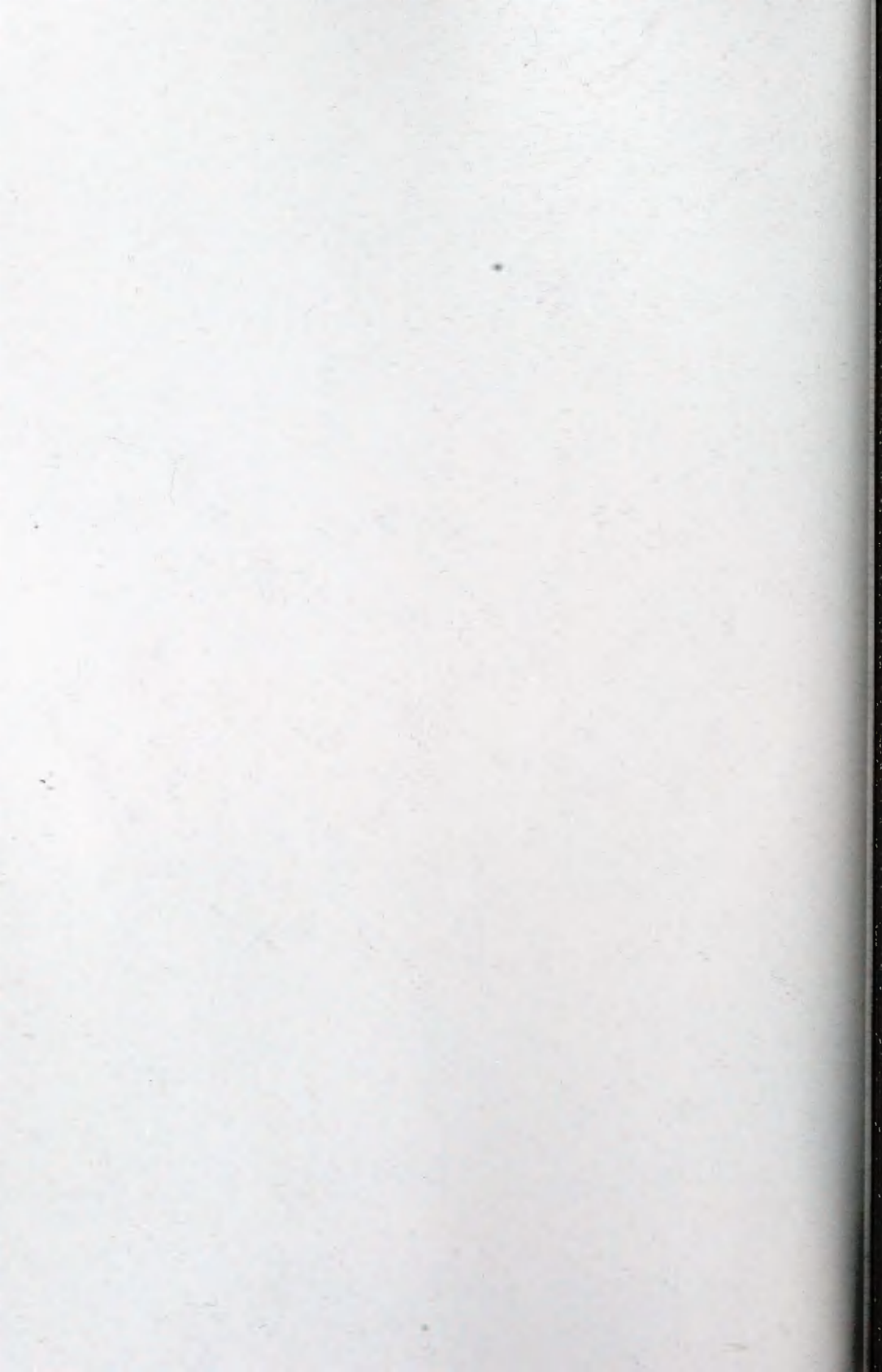
An International Episode

I REALLY LIKE THIS COVER
IMAGE YOU CHOSE.

Henry James

IDEALLY THIS BOTTOM SHOULD BE
TRIMMED TO BOTTOM OF SPINE
LOGO.

Henry James



WHEN WE MAKE BOOKS WE GENERALLY
DO NOT BIND THE COVER IMAGES
INTO THE BOOK.

PAGE IMAGES SHOULD BLEED.

Beaumont should have bethought themselves of a gentleman whose attractions had been thus vividly depicted—all the more so that he lived in Fifth Avenue, and that Fifth Avenue, as they had ascertained the night before, was contiguous to their hotel. “Ten to one he’ll be out of town,” said Percy Beaumont; “but we can at least find out where he has gone, and we can immediately start in pursuit. He can’t possibly have gone to a hotter place, you know.”

“Oh, there’s only one hotter place,” said Lord Lambeth, “and I hope he hasn’t gone there.”

They strolled along the shady side of the street to the number indicated upon the precious letter. The house presented an imposing chocolate-colored expanse, relieved by facings and window cornices of florid sculpture, and by a couple of dusty rose-trees which clambered over the balconies and the portico. This last-mentioned feature was approached by a monumental flight of steps.

“Rather better than a London house,” said Lord Lambeth, looking down from this altitude, after they had rung the bell.

"It depends upon what London house
you mean" replied his companion. "You

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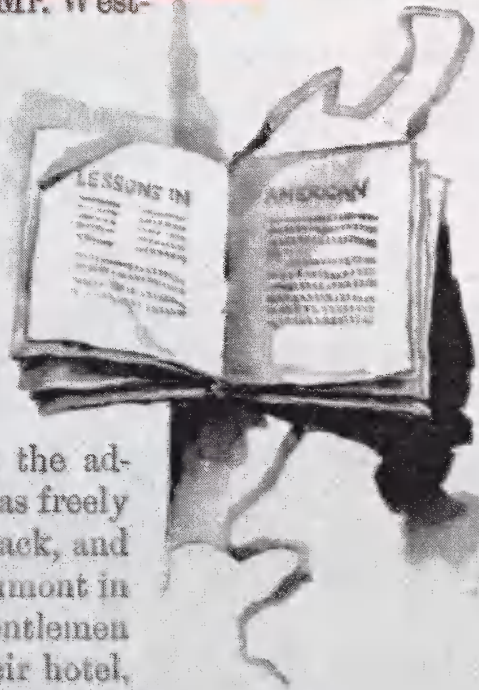
when Lord Lambeth asked for Mr. West-
gate.

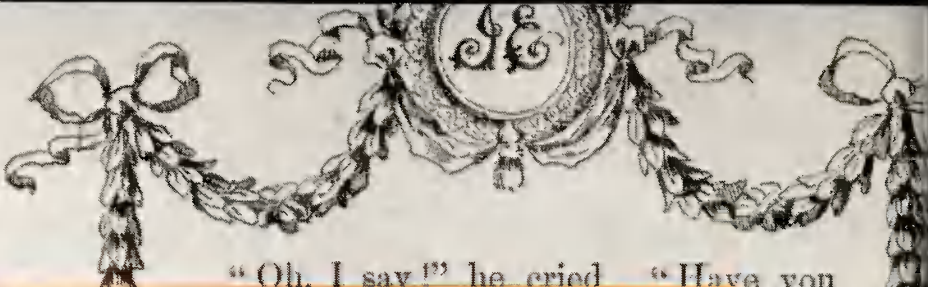
"He ain't at home, sah;
he's down town at his o'fice."

"Oh, at his office?" said
the visitor. "And when will
he be at home?"

"Well, sah, when he goes
out dis way in de mo'ning, he
ain't liable to come home all
day."

This was discouraging; but the ad-
dress of Mr. Westgate's office was freely
imparted by the intelligent black, and
was taken down by Percy Beaumont in
his pocket-book. The two gentlemen
then returned, languidly, to their hotel,
and sent for a hackney-coach, and in this
commodious vehicle they rolled comfort-
ably down town. They measured the



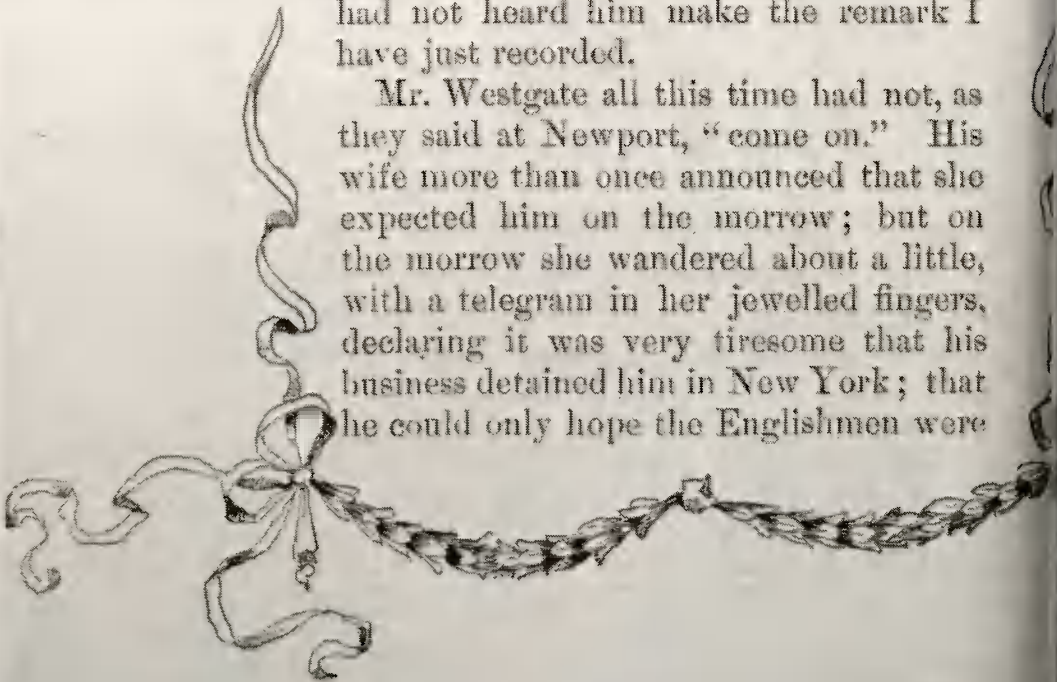


THIS ILLUSTRATION CUTS OFF
AT THE TOP. THIS PROBLEM
RECURS ON OTHER PAGES AS
WELL.

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "Have you
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great interest, and declared that she would give the world to see such a place. Whereupon—"It would be awfully kind of you to come and stay there," said Lord Lambeth. He took a vague satisfaction in the circumstance that Percy Beaumont had not heard him make the remark I have just recorded.

Mr. Westgate all this time had not, as they said at Newport, "come on." His wife more than once announced that she expected him on the morrow; but on the morrow she wandered about a little, with a telegram in her jewelled fingers, declaring it was very tiresome that his business detained him in New York; that he could only hope the Englishmen were



having a good time. "I must say," said Mrs. Westgate, "that it is no thanks to him if you are." And she went on to explain, while she continued that slow-paced promenade which enabled her well-adjusted skirts to display themselves so advantageously, that unfortunately in America there was no leisure class. It was Lord Lambeth's theory, freely propounded when the young men were together, that Percy Beaumont was having a very good time with Mrs. Westgate, and that, under the pretext of meeting for the purpose of animated discussion, they were indulging in practices that imparted a shade of hypocrisy to the lady's regret for her husband's absence.

"I assure you we are always discussing and differing," said Percy Beaumont. "She is awfully argumentative. American ladies certainly don't mind contradicting you. Upon my word, I don't think I was ever treated so by a woman before. She's so devilish positive."

Mrs. Westgate's positive quality, however, evidently had its attractions, for Beaumont was constantly at his hostess's side. He detached himself one day to the extent of going to New York to talk